WRICH HE BOTH STOLE AND SQUAN-

The Hemsekable Story of How a Manes'-War's Man Got Even with a Greek A Jug of Hair Oil Worth a small Fortune.

An old man-o'-war's man, dressed in the navy uniform, sat at a little table in a downtown saloon yesterday with a very large glass of beer before bim. A young man was stiling near by talking to a friend about the saiters who ran away with the schooner Julia Baker, the cargo of which they tried to sell in the Baha-mas. The old sailor listened to the talk until be had finished his beer and then he said: I once had a bit of cargo aboard myself as

was more wallyble and easier to stow nor schooners loaded with flour." Here he stopped to watch a bit of froth drip

from the upturned giass, and the young man a full place before him, the old man continued: orty years ago I war a youngster on board the Macedonian. The Macedonian, you know, war a frigate in them days, and a fine one too. She war a Britisher opco, but Yankee sailors mptured her. I reckon she war nigh on to seventy year old then. We were at anchor fown in the Levant. Well, that's the extreme about six bells a bumboat 'ud come alongside ort gangway, and one o' them little, thin, wiry, black board Greeks ud come on board and lay out his goods as he had to sell 'tween the guns on the port side forward. He war as sharp as a Dago's dirk at a bargain, too. Such another lot of stuff as he had-rugs, and fancy oxes, and colored feathers, flowers, and shawle,

well, sir, to make a short story on it, they sarched that ship fore an'alt, estatin' the sabin in course. They even went atoft and looked under the tarpaulins in the tops, but nary a jug could they find, cause nobody didn't think of lookin' in the water for what had been lest inboard, and the little Grook he tuk his departure and refused to be consoled, and all this time he war so excited that he could tell nothin' of what he'd lost only that it was a jug. Lordy, if I'd a knowed what war in that jug!

"About eight bells that hight the old man comes off in his gig, and in ten minutes we hears the bos'en callin' all hands up anchor, and before we gets the topsails on her the word comes for'd that we'd got orders to report to the north Atlantic squadron what war a cruisin' in the West Indies. Meantime I'd hauled in the werry fine she as were daingin' from my line in the port chains and stowed it in the bottom of my bag.

We war a cruisin' around in the Indies sommers about three months. I reckon, and I managed to get away with about a pint of my grease. I carried it ashore in a small tin box, it didn't surprise me to see the way the burbers' udsmile when they seed it, 'cause it was their trade to use the stuff, and they treated me werry fine, the fool I was. Then we p'inted fur New York, and I got shore leave, and was soon in the bussum of my uncle's family, what lived up near the old shipyard what used to be at the foot o' Pike street. I had seven female cousins there what war some on style, and so I takes 'em my grease, and tells' ten how I got it. They all looked werry solemn over it until Marian, which she war the oldest, said: 'It sarved' im right, if did, and our Jack'ilbe a Admiral yot.'

So the girls they made free with the grease as I'd brought to 'em, and didn't kiek up no row when I said as how they my steethwart the half of it. So we marches around in a regiar procession, with me at the head a carryin' of the parish a sittin' in the parior. 'Ah, Jack, my son, say he, for he'd a knowed me ten years or m Levant, sir."

"All the way from the Levant, sh, said he with a curus smile on his round fat face. Let me see it, Jack.

"So I hands it to 'im, and we all stood them."

ma see it, Jack.

"So I hands it to 'im, and we all stood there afore him like a lot o' loons a watchin' the title run out. He takes the cork out o' the jug and smiffs it a bit, and then smiffs at the jug, and then smiffs at the cork ag in.

"Wart if all, Jack, when you got it? said he protty soon. Yes, sir,' says I. Did you buy it? says he. No, sir,' says I. 'cause he war the priest. I know'd it.' says he. Do you know what it ar? says he. Har ite, says I, and then I thought he'd bust the buttons off his weskit with a laughm. When he'd get his breath like I says. An' it please your worship, would ye mind teilin us what it ar makes you laugh so? I will, says he. You stole this, Jack, without knowin' what it war. It ar attac o' roses, and it ar worth a matter o' 5500 a pound. I recken you had enough here to make you rich, Jack, when you started. With that I thinks what a looi I'd been, and rushes out of the house and gets blim' drum, and wartaken in by the cops and sent aboard ship and war quarantinest for a tryin' to knock the bo'sendown, till the ship sailed ag in.

"Well, what became of the attar of roses?"

"My cousin, Marar, she divised up square with Nora, and they sood the stuff, and when Nora she were married the next Christmas to a ship carponter, they do say she war rigged out in silks and laces and no send o' fluery all slong o' the hair lie what I tuk from the Greek without knowin' it war a fortune to the man as owned it."

A Rule to Teil When a Crowd is Coming.

Do you know I can always tell whether many people are coming to the Island from New York's said a policeman stationed at the Manhattan Reach Hotel to a Sur reporter.

"Moy, you see there is a flag fiving from the pole of the Marine Railway station every day. That flag half cutes whether the wind is blown; landward or seaward. When the wind blows landward, it is a cool day in New York and there is only a that, crowd convex duwn, but when the breeze is blowing from the land to ward the sea, why, it is not in New York and a big crowd the large interest. I know never known this rule to fail."

A QUEER WEST SIDE MARKET.

The Neislest Market in the City and One s the Busiest and Largest.

One of the busiest and largest retail markets in the city, and by far the noislest, is the market for vegetables, fruit, fish, and crockery which springs up every Saturday evening at Ninth avenue and Thirty-ninth street, and keeps the neighborhood in an uproar till neary manufalit. It seems to have been located men by chance for there are no visible pecuinvities of that corner which make it more favorable than any other corner in that part of the city for trade in green groceries. There are small shops along Ninth avenue on each side, but they have no connection with the market which locates itself in the midst of them at nightfall on every Saturday. In Thirtyninth street rows of high-stoop brick houses three stories in height extend eastward from Ninth avenue. In the daytime there is nothing noticeable about the corner. On a Saturday evening it is one of the sights of New York. At nightfall hucksters' wagons begin to gather around both corners on the east side of Ninth avenue. The best positions are those nearest these corners and the crosswalks lead-

ing from them. After all these positions have been taken, the lines of wagons backed up to the sidewalk begin to extend up and down the avenue on the east side, out Thirty-ninth street toward Eighth avenue, and finally up and Jown the west side of Ninth avenue. No single wagon contains much of a variety; many of them deal in only one article. Some of the wagon boxes are piled high with string beans, others with peaches, potatoes, pincapples, or green corn, while others are divided into two or three compartments in which such a selecion as muskmelons, green corn, and potatoes or onions, beets, and tomatoes is displayed

shears a Dages differ at a bargain ton. Such another loof stuff as behavior, and colored feathers, flowers, and shawly, and sell-order of stuff as behavior, and shawly, and still stuff and the recome on board of silk, you never see. The boxes of the fish wagons are filled with a security officer tolk the box onto pipe upbays, and the first part of the security officer tolk the box onto pipe upbays, and the security officer tolk the box onto pipe upbays, and the security officer tolk the box onto pipe upbays, and the security officer tolk the box onto pipe upbays, and the security of the security of

that they made up by drumming on their pipkins and other sonorous articles.

None of the venders furnished wrapping paper—they were seiling on too close margins for
that. But nearly sil the buyers seemed to have
come prepared to get along without having
their purchases wrapped up. Their big baskets
were uncovered, and the measures of vegetables and fruit were poured in. Occasionally a
woman or man could be seen who evidently
had happened upon the market, and had been
tempted by the prices till they had loaded their
arms with more truck than they could conveniently carry. The street cars going up and
down the avenue took in bassengers and
market baskets at the Thirty-ninth street corner till the flickering torches had been thinned
out and the cries of the remaining venders had
become hoarse croaks.

ODDITY IN DESIGNS.

The Many Products of Many Ingenious Minds that are at Work All Over the Earth.

The demand for brie-à-brae and novelties in household decoration apparently does not abate, and there is such a pressure for novelties that designers in all parts of the world from Boston to Yokohama are kept busy pushing their inventiveness to the last degree to turn out new combinations. Every manufacturer who eaters to this taste in any way keeps a de signer, whose ears are burdened with the demand for something new. An old shoe or an old hat gives an idea for a bon bon case. Every animal in the menagerie is employed by vari-ous artisans. Botany as well as zoology is ransacked for designs, and all the combinations apparently possible are made. Nevertheless. there seems to be no limit to the fertility of the designers. In referring to this subject a brie-à-

apparently possible are made. Nevertheless, there seems to be no limit to the fertility of the designers. In referring to this subject a brie-abrae dealer, with an idle quarter of an hour on his hands, conducted a reporter through his collection, and as he went along his counters he said:

There is a imputhat has the form of a white owl, from whose head rises the stem of an immense rose with closely folded leaves, which entirely conceal the globe. There is a stork in flight, with its wings spread out and its legs extended. It is ornamented, and is to be suspended from the chandelier by invisible threads. There is a candissick with a gold grape leaf for its base, and with a light receiver of crystal painted in gold. There is a work-basket in the form of a skiff, and another, with a meas-covered top full of artificial plants, is in the shape of a flower pot. There is a big deeplant of porceiving with an opening in its back for begonias, and there is a porceiain was representing a tree trunk overgrown with elimbing plants. There is a mirror to be bordered with eat flowers, and to represent a miniature lake in the centre of a dinner table. That crystal ball mounted unon a spiral pealestal is for a centre table ornament, to catch and reflect the light. That glass screen has, you observe, pond tiles painted upon it, so that they seem to be floating in water. The curiously twisted horns in that smoking set come from Eagle Pass. Texas, and are anote horns. The other horns are from the heads of buffaio. They are mounted in Paris and sent back here. That dagger is a paper cutter, and its sheath forms a thermore. That the stars and a cargo encased in Austrian gloss is a liquor set. Here is a baby carriage that represents a simper fined with plusia and here is another shaped like a canose. That tree of gold, with a next for eggs, is for next Easter. This paper weight contains a tonewat timepted to a barometer. This gided key, with a baroe to be signs, that represents a simper fined with polusia and here is another shaped l

A BOWERY BY THESEA BEACH

THE JUMBLE OF SHOWS IN ONE PART OF CONEY ISLAND.

Proprietors who Helleve their Business De pends on the Noise they Make-Gigantie Toys, Free Theatricals, and Cheap Fare. The trains of the Sea Beach Railroad to Coney Island land their passengers in the most growded and busy part of the island, where there are so many and such singular attracions and entertainments that even the New Yorkers are both amused and astonished sheds, shanties, booths, hotels, pavilions, and platforms are wedged tight together in a jumble, and to get to half the establishments you have to pass through the others. Every one of them contains some sort of an arrangement for eatching the coppers and small silver of the crowds, and the prevalent idea among the proprietors is that the only way to get an income is to make a noise. The capitalists hire musicians, and those who lack capital try to get it by standing in front of their establishments and yelling at the public. The idea, however executed, seems to work well, and business is plenty. The space thus occupied is as big as Washington square, and the noises, queer sights, and bust-ling mass of people form a bewildering comduation. It reminds a New Yorker of the Bowery, but it embraces twice as many shows, and is nothing like as self-contained and conservative as the big east side pleasure ground.

The Bowery is really dignified by comparison. The cars empty their loads in the Sea Beach Palace, now transformed into what is said to Palace, now transformed into what is said to be the biggest roller skating rink on earth. Everything is the biggest, or the funniest, or the best, or most marvellous thing on earth in this tunnitation region. The great shining floor is sometimes taxed to accommodate all who can get skating room upon it, and at such times the scene is most interesting. Roller skating has become in fine art, and there is said to be no ingenious or artistic feat performed upon winter skates which cannot be imitated on the rollers. The weaving of the skaters forms as they glide past one another in endless curving of the skater, forms as they glide past one another in endless curving of the orchestra, and the incessant rumble of the skates attract crowds from early morning until midnight. Next door is the elephant house, almost completed, and already open to the public. It is enclosed in a yard, into which the overslow from outside is fast creeping. Already it contains a barroom, a restaurant, an artificial flower booth, and the shop of the electric-dumb-bell man. The elephant house hooks more and more like an elephant the further you get away from it. That is because the general outline is excellent while the details are somewhat ungraceful and rude. Country folks are not satisfied with looking at it, but shower their silver down for the right to explore it.

The hurly-burly is all around these build. be the biggest roller skating rink on earth.

The hurly-burly is all around these build-

Country folks are not satisfied with looking at it, but shower their silver down for the right to explore it.

The hurly-burly is all around these buildings. Here is a man with a troupe of performing dogs in the open air. Here are the best temperance drinks on the island. Step this way, says a red-nosed youth in checked trousers, and see a froupe of minstreis and tumblers direct from London, and no charge for the performance. Right this way, says a man with twice as much voice, if you want to get two hundred pouhds of fun to the square inch—the longest roller coaster on the Island. Stop, says a fat woman in calico, and get some roasted sausages, home made, and a roll thrown in, only ten cents. Beyond the sausage woman is a shooting gallery occupying ten feet frontage and lifty feet of depth, and hext to that is a little gallery for the sale of pictures of the future wives and husbands of the crowd, while beyond are the shops of a fortune teller, a beer and sandwich vender, a clam-chowder caterer, and the man with the hammer-striking obelisk, whose tower fonches up to the height of an ordinary house, an attitude twice as great as he has ever been able to send the ring to by pounding a trap with a wooden hammer as big as his head. He can do better with his voice, which he sends to the top of the big observatory, ten times as high as his obelisk. It sounds up there as if a man with a sore throat was being murdered.

Not one hundred feet have yet been traversed and a half dozen things have been slighted. For instance, closs to the thundering roller coaster is the Silver Lake merry-go-round—a circular tank of water on which eight trim rowboats float around and around. Back of that is a long line of scuos, swung by a sisum engine, and near by is a restaurant, in front of which a very much intoxicated man is saying, step right this way and right the other way at the same time leads them to strong the wooden hammer on from New Jersey, who really desire to be obliging, are distructed by the multiplicity of invitations.

gentleman belonging to a dime museum across the way is trying to cax a drunken man not to insist upon feeding an anaconda in a glass box with the cob of an ear of corn which he says he bought on purpose for the snake. Here are four more redier coasters, two of them circular instead of scallop shaped, and one with the added attraction of a line ocean view and a poetical sign offering all creation a new sensation and exhibitantion. One hundred couples are whiring over a waxed floor over the heads of a Tyrolese troupe, and a door or two away is the "beautiful Mexican girl who murdored her father and mother," as well as a gorgoous pleture of the young woman painted in the very act. her father and mother," as well as a gorgeous picture of the young woman painted in the very act.

The merry-go-rounds grow more and more numerous and more and more gorgeous every year. Time was, and not long ago, that a merry-go-round consisted of a lot of cheap hobly horses on a revolving platform, which was pushed around by a man and a long wooden lever, while a small boy ground a hand organ near by. Now these giant toys are enclosed under beautiful partitions, with groined roofs and stained glass banels. Every sort of animal, carved according to the high-st German conception of naturalness, and glittering with looking-glass diamonds and paint, revolves around a steam engine, which furnishes the motive power for the crank of the organ as well. Solid country merchants and foreigners of fourscore years are often seen astride the members of these wooden menageries, with eyes alleme under the consciousness that he or she who geta a brass ring by spearing among the iron ones with a huge hodkin will enjoy the next ride free. Between two of the merry-go-rounds, the other day, a live elephant was chained to a stake, and in a billiari saloon Messers, Sexton and Daly were playing a match, and the public looked on without having to pay.

The phrase next door is used with a writer's license, for there are very few doors. The restaurants, shops, saloons, and in fact all the buildings except the museums and showhouses, are as open as so many hotel sheds, and the more the public wakes through them the better the proprietors like at. The din is tremendous, the crowds are dense and unenting, and the scenes are varyly interesting ever to those who only go to study human nature.

THE FAMILY MOVES.

Disappearance of a Homestead Farm is the

Eighteen years ago a two-story flat roof rame house was built on rocks forty feet high n Third avenue, between Ninety-sixth and Ninety-seventh streets. A wooden stairway led up to the house. Goats sported about the door yard, and pigeons nested in the attic. Seven years later a part of the rock on which the house stood was blasted away to widen the sudwark. The house was put back a little. Another year somebody blasted the rock on the Ninety-sixth street corner of Third avenue. He cut so far into the rock that the house had to be moved toward Ninety-seventh street. Years later the owner of the property axenvated the rocks on Third avenue for building. Again the house was disturbed. Within the last war rocks on the four sides of the block have been blasted, till on Thesday the house stood without a deor yard on a tower of rock thirty feet high in the middle of the block.

Lesterday morning men began drilling the rock under the squaller's house. In two hours the house was on the ground, and the family were carting away the boards. Seven years later a part of the rock on which

Two Venerable Married Couples.

BATH, N. Y., Aug. 14.-Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Witherm of Woodbull, this county, have been married over 155 years. The husband is 88 and the wife 85 years of age. They have lived in one house for more than 50 years. It is over 30 years since either one of them wa year. It is over 20 years since either one of them was out of the village where they live. They have be living descentiants, representing five generations.

By Wymans Bush and his with have lived in their Grapevine tottage on Keina Lake. The county for 25 years. They were married by years ago this month. Br. Bush is 85, and still attends to a large and active practice. His wife is 70. They have 30 descendants. All four of their softs were in the army during the late war, enlisting as privates. Two came out Captains and one a Major. One daughter married Fruf. Cack, the celebrated author of text books. Another daughter was the wife of Dr. H. It Jessey, the noted Syriau missionary, the died and was buried at each

VAGARIES OF SLEEPLESSNESS.

Queer Ways by which Victims of Incommi "Insomnia," remarked an eklerly physician of the old school to a reporter for THE SUN. is a perpetual puzzle to me."

"Well, sleep being not only a natural condition, but a necessity, we find nature furnishing all the conditions to induce sleep, not only in health, but in disease, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred-but the hundredth case is the mys-tery. Why,sir," and the doctor warmed into professional enthusiasm," when we see how quick-ly and easily men adapt themselves to most unnatural and artificial conditions of life-working by night and sleeping by day; sleeping with the clink of the forge, the jar and clash of ma-chinery, or the shrill whistle of escaping steam in their ears, and waking with a start at any unfamiliar sound, or at the cessation of the socustomed racket-it seems as though man could never suffer from sleeplessness."

"But will not excessive fatigue explain alcep under such trying circumstances?" 'Not satisfactorily. 'I am too tired to sleep' is a common complaint; while in one case, that has not probably done a day's work in a dozen years, the man sleeps with his ear close to the incessant buzz and whirr of the burgiar alarm and has twice been roused only to find a tramp or drunkard asleep on the steps outside the bank. Once, after I had been treating him with a medicine that slightly affected his hearing. this watchman complained bitterly that he was getting 'too deaf to sleep,' and declared that he

was kept awake by not hearing the burgiar alairm distinctly.

When you realize that the strongest man may, in spite of his will, be reduced to the bind helplessness of slumber by the droning of a friendly bore, an accumulation of foul air, or the temperature of the weather, it becomes still more mysterious to me how elight a thing will 'murder sleep' and work measureless mischief to mind and body."

"Perhaje." suggested the experienced reporter, an unquiet conscience, domestic anxieties, or an unpaid debt—"

"Fudge!" retorted the doctor. "I have seen a man sleep soundly and tranquilly up to within an hour of his own hanging: I have seen my brother fall asleep while waiting for his mother-in-law—a peculiarly wide-awake anxiety sle is, too—and I should not be sorry if a carciess debtor were sometimes keptawake; but you can hay down no rule in these cases except that each man is a rule to himself.

"The verious eccentricities and whimsical fancies of the men and women who suffer from wakefulness defy all rule, and would be amusing if they were not so dang-rous to the patient and so discouraging to the doctor. There are many persons who cannot sleep on the left side, others who must have their heads point to some pet quarter of the compass, patients who demand noise, like the ticking of a clock, and others who require perfect slience to enable them to fail asleen. What, for instance, do you think of a woman who cannot of will not, sleep in a room carpeted with anything except straw matting, and who cannot, or will not, sleep in a room carpeted with anything except atraw matting, and who cannot of willing triad, again and again, to exceed this ten-night limit: that the eleventh night is invariably sleepless, the twelfth excited, hysterical perhaps, the next worse, and so on, until, on two occasions when I have been called, can assure you that her condition was too critical to admit of a susplicion of malingering."

"Are women more than tone onsecutive hin, in the could always sleep in the could always sleep in the c

ODDITIES OF SAILORS.

Strange Names for Places - Proposing to

Sailors have names of their own for every port and harbor in the navigable world, usually differing entirely from those on the ge raphies. For example, they always speak of archipelagoes as "the arches." An officer of the deck on board a United States man-of-war sawa knot of sailors listening intently on night to the yarns spun by a grizzled old tar about his adventures in "going through the arches." A young sailor after a while said with a puzzled and sheepish air, "The arches o what?" To which the old sait responded with a look of withering contempt, "The Arches of Pelago, of course, you lubber."

Villefranche in sallors' language is Villyfranky, Civita Vecchia is Chivity Veck, Cherbourg is Cherb, and all Portsmouths are Porchmouths. The art of reading the addresses on sailors' letters is difficult. Phonetic spelling, combined with sailors' nomenclature, makes them frequently inscrutable. Sailors don't believe in using any more letters than are absolutely necessary in spelling a word. are absolutely necessary in spelling a word. An officer on a man-of-war in the harbor at Norfolk. Va., standing on dock, saw a beautiful yacht approaching. He cailed to the quartermaster to get a glass and read the name of the advancing vessel. The quartermaster screwed his eye to the glass, looked preternatually wise, and spelled out gravely: "P-s-y-c-h-o-the Fish, sir." A tug attached to the Gosport Navy Yard was known as the Gnat, All the quartermasters and those of the sailors who could read decided that G-n-a-t spelled Gannet, and by that name she was commonly known among them.

quartermasters and those of the sailors who could read decided that G.n.-a.t spelled Gannet, and by that name she was commonly known among them.

The sailors on board war ships are an interesting class. The habits of neatness and order which they are forced to maintain improve their manners and appearance, and their discipline works wonderfully well with them. They are generally a contented lot, and in no class of hite is the general improvement in the matter of temperance more noticeable than in these man-of-wars-men. They are well supplied with reading matter, especially relating to the countries they visit, and squads of blue jackets are met with in every gallery and museum in Europe within reach of a port where a war vessel is stationed. Their knowledge of art is not profound, however. A dequation of sailors once waited upon the commanding officer of an American flagship at Naples to volunteer their services as acrubbers in a certain gallery there which contained many specimens of the old masters. These, the sailors thought, needed to be holystoned and swabbed off, and they wanted permission to go ashere and offer to do it.

The sailor's eye for beauty is well known, and his comments are freely expressed. When entertainments are given on beard ship every leopinice is eagerly contended for, and the comments of the forecastle on the guests of the ward room are sente as well as racy. Some entertainments are given on beard ship every leopinice is eagerly contended for, and the comments of the forecastle on the guests of the ward room are sente as well as racy. Some entertainments are given on beard ship every leopinice is eagerly contended for, and the comments of the forecastle on the guests of the ward room are sente as well as racy. Some entertainments are given on beard ship every hour had been combed away from the nape of her neck up to her forchead, where it was massed in curls and puffs and ringlets. The effect was most connect. A sailor, who was watching affairs and puffs and ringlets. The effect was mo

The Effect of Art on Nature.

Billy Moulds has had, until recently, in his University place resort for actors, a very handsome count cat. A few days ago some friend presented Billy with a starting Japanese curio in the shape of an eno-mons wicker cat, a demonisc looking thing, with larid eyes, figuring month, gleaming fings, and a blue dart of the end of its fercely elevated tail. The tame eat wa asteep on the clear case when that deliram trems

THE ROOFS OF A GREAT CITY.

LOOKING DOWN ON NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN HOUSETOPS.

the Field building, the Produce Exchange

building. But the most popular and com-fortable point of view, and the only one that

affords a good view of Brooklyn in the bargain, is the East River Bridge. From the highest

point on the curving footpath one fully real-

izes the fact that nearly a quarter of a million

roofs lie below—one hundred thousand in Brook-lyn and one hundred and thirty odd thousand in

he principal city. At first the scene is bewil-

dering, and the eye refuses to bring instant

order out of the confusion of chimney pots

pipes, signs, poles, wires, and sheets of tin and

slate; but a minute of fixed attention straight-

ens the tangle out, and the spectator is able to

soan the scene intelligently, especially when

he takes note of a section of it at a time. A

myriad threads of smoke, scores of towers and

steeples, a forest of railings and posts, and

countiess flapping flags helped the first bewil-

derment, and this was further increased by the misty indistinctness of those most distant

A Business That Has Been Developed Out

But how about the photographers?" the

"I don't understand you," said the foreigner.

ers, and are quite as enterprising, without being

representatives of the principal newspapers."

not really photographers, but their agents.

The Passing of the Dude.

"I observe," said a man yesterday, who had been standing in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel for eight of ten years, "that the dude is no longer fashion-

able. He is out of date and very far removed from the fashlenable men of to-day. The dude was in his giery

a little less than two years ago, when the fashion for

a little less than two years ago, when the fashion for wearing abnormally tight trousers, vacant smiles, pointed boots, and sliver-headed sitchs first started in. For the first time in the history of civilization a fashion was popular which gave marrow-chested, coinvertum, and spinile-shanked young men a chance for their lives. A fat and robust man could never be a successful dude, but the hundreds and inousages of consumprive-linating youths who float up and down the avenue, cat secondarily at the cafes, and dance around hillard labbe had a chance to shine. The scrawmer the man recommendarily at the cafes, and dance around hillard labbe had a chance to shine. The scrawmer the man why dude recessful the dude. That is the restreason why dude recessful the dude. That is the restreason why dude recessful the dude. That is the restrict the win are able to make men paper. The restrict the win are not made to the result is the bayening on to the tight trousers and other characteristic varients to mag, and they are now far behind the side. The fashionation man of today moves quickly devotes mere or less time to athlictics, lives well has a good color and dreases without any particular pretensions of any sort; that is his dreased quietly and unobtrusively and the cut of this clother is commonpiace. Compared with a man of this sort, the saliow and uncomfortably clad dude is way behind the age.

Extraordinary Wenr and Tear on Necktice

The latest craze with the young women of the

metropolis is the making of crass, patchwork out of bits of silk cut from the neckties of their male acquaintances.

Bright colored searts that the around the neck prove th

grantest temptations to the fair politioners, and they timbs nothing of begging just a little patch, when in grant the fair ownship to the shorten an aircasty depicted scarf teyond all hope of its ever being used again. A badly mutilated the is evidence of a large number of young lady acquaintances, and a flourishing piece of patchwork speaks wall for the esteem in which its measure to be all.

be a score here before long."

clerk inquired.

swung his club contentedly as he stood with one foot on the stringpiece of a South street The Strange View of Nearly a Quarter of s Million Buildings to be Had From the Brooklyn Bridge-Roufs Put to Odd Uses. pler yesterday when a young man showed him n clipping from a newspaper which recounted the finding of five dead bodies about the harbor The roofs of New York form an interesting in one day. He read it through slowly, and subject for study. There are half a dozen points from which they can be seen-Trinity steeple,

then said: Good many that. Three is a good ordinary day's work, but then the Morgue doesn't get all. tower, the Equitable Company's roof, and the flat, broad ridge pole of the Western Union

MYSTERIES OF THE WATER PRONT.

A Steambont Squad Polleeman's Obser-

tions on Beath by Browning.

A fat policeman of the steamboat squad

"It doesn't? Where do they go?"
"Now, understand I don't know anything about it officially. I don't mind telling you privately that I have heard that some of these river pirates devote part of the day to finding things. They have oyster tongs and they have dredges and hooks with which they stir up the hottom. Sometimes they bring up the bodies of people recently drowned. If a body is thin and lean it is worth \$10 at some seasons of the year. Do you suppose they are going to throw nway \$10? Some of the bodies wash away and out to sea for all I know. I should say that about 1,000 people are drowned in the two rivers hereabouts every year, and not half of them are recovered."

"How does it happen that so many people as that get into the water ""
"Whiskey helps the most of them in. drunken man gravitates toward the water. drunken man gravitates toward the water. Paradox that, but it's true. The tide is running out now. Hear it gurgle. When a steamer passes the waves splash up against the piles in a way that makes music to a man whose head is in a wairt. Strangers in the streets get very lonesome in the crowds, and so they come down here on the piers. The water is company for them. They sit down and look over at it. The sight of the moving water increases the whirling in their brains, and they nitch forward and disappear. No one notices them. Possibly the cool air sobers some of them, especially at hight. They grow repeatant and then despondent. These turn around and slip down feet first with their hands on the timber and their faces turned up to the sky. Then their fingers loosen and the last seen of them is the white face in the water. Such people are usually the ones the pirates are looking for, especially at each trip. They are thin and lean from starvation and worse.

Some go over by accident when sooer. I saw a fellow sitting on a pier fishing one evening. He was asieep. All at once his head roised over, he lost his bulance, and down he went. He could swim, but others are not always as lucky. Children at piay and men at their work stumble and drop over. Drunken saliors reel over. There is a shout and a rush that ends at the side of the pier. People don't like to wet their clothes. The poor feilow struggles abit and then three weeks later he is seen at the Morque. Piers should be provided with pike poles and life preservers and men to handle them, at least they should if these lives are worth saving.

Thave heard, incidentally, you know, not his poekets. The clothing on the man will indicate that he has seen better days. Sometimes river pirates disagree over the disposition or the division of the boodle. I heard once, unofficially, you know, of a pirate who sat in the stem sheets of his boot beside a companion who was suddenly plunged head first backward into the water with the small of his back on the gunwhile deep content Paradox that, but it's true. The tide is running out now. Hear it gurgle. When a steamer

IMITATION PEARLS.

A Venction Art that Costs the Lives of Thou sands of Little Pishes. "You would hardly think," said a dealer in

roofs which seem to lie close under the Palisados and beyond the biurred foliage of Contral Pars. In what is left of oid New York there are many pitched roofs rising from low guitors to high ridge poles, and among them are some that are covered with bent earthenware tiles. A long line of these on Fulton streat calls to mind the views artists have sketched of street scenes in Antwerp. Loss precipitous housetops, coated with shingles, are to be seen on every hand when the eye turns toward Brooklyn. There the brightest spot in all the broad expanse spread out on every hand is a line of luxuriant gardens between the Fulton and Wall street ferries. The gaudy flowers and umbrageous trees, the garden paths, summer houses, and squares of green lawn misload the senses into the belief that this is a row of ordinary gardens, yet these are merely the roofs of riverside storehouses covered with earth and planted with vegetation. The roofs of these storage buildings reach to the basements of the mansions of Columbia Hoights, and the rich residents there would have no gardens if these roofs were left bare. Rounded green treetops, shivering in the breezes, peep between the roofs all over Brooklyn.

Close to the bridge on the New York side are many blocks of tensments, and their roofs are very interesting. Nearly all are fenced in at the sides, and many of them are boarded over. Modern roofs are nearly flat, and tenement roofs in such crowlead districts as this are equipped with clothes poles and lines from which drying garments are always waving. for since each family has the use of the lines on its own particular day of the week, it may be said to be always wash day in these neighborhoods. But the tenement roofs are hoped and they for garden the bare boards or upon mattresses brought up there from the close and stifling atmosphere of the crowded buildings. So it happens that those who cross the bridge at daybreak in the summer time often see men and broys stretched our asleed upon the bare boards or upon mattresses brought up fancy goods, holding up a string of glass beads us big as a cherry, made in imitation of pearls that to get the pearl tint on each one of those fish had to be sacrificed, would you? But they do, though, and although they are made in Venice, and that string represents a catch of nearly five hundred fish and the exhaustion of a good many cubic inches of glassblower's breath, I can sell it to you for a quarter and make a

I can sell it to you for a quarter and make a fair profit.

They've been turning out beads like these in Venice ever since 1856. There is a fight in the Adriatic they call the bleak fish, but why bleak I can't say. There is nothing bleak about its appearance. It is a graceful fish, with a gittering armor of sliver scales. They are more profife and swarm in larger schools than nerring. One day in 1856 a resident of Venice. Salvator Jacquin by name, placed several of these fish in a small aquarium, to observe their habits. After they had been confined in the aquarium for some time, he noticed that the water took on a pearly hue. Believing that this was communicated by the scales of the bleak fish. Jacquin tried some experiments with them. He found that water could be so densely charged with the scales of the bleak fish. "Don't let the reporters see me until after dinner," said a distinguished foreigner to the clerk of an up-town hotel the other day after iish. Jacquin tried some experiments with them. Ils found that water could be so densely charged with the tint from these scales that glass on being dipped in it and then allowed to dry had every appearance of a pearl. He coated glass beads with the liquid, and they were readily taken for large pearls. The coating would not resist much friction, however, and soon rubbed off of the surface. Finding that a great sale could be nad for beads made in imitation of pearls if the coating could be made permanent, Jacquin conceived the idea of having the globes blown hollow and then fixing the fish-scale liquid to the inner surface. This was a success from the start, and the glass pearl bead business got its first boom. It requires the scales of four thousand bleak fish to make half a pint of the pearl liquid. They are simply removed from the fish, which are as cheap as mossbunkers, and soaked in tepid water. Nowadays a very small guantity of sale ammonia and isinglass is added to the liquid. It is introduced inside the bead by a small tube, and when it is dry, a coating of wax is run over it. Fortunately for the fish, the trade in these beads, pretty and cheap as they are, is not alarmingly large. "Well, you will very soon. The photographers are more numerous than the reportlways as polite or as pleasant to meet. There'il "Bless my soul," said the foreigner; "then please refuse me to all who come except the When the clerk was asked whether what he had said about the photographers was true, he replied that the persons he referred to were They call themselves interviewers, and their They call themselves interviewers, and their business is to secure ahead of all commettiors sittings of notable persons. The rivalry between photographers is intense, so that whereas two or three years ago only a very lew establishments employed interviewers, there are now very few presperous photographers without them. A candidate for the Presidency as party campaign manager, a fitted or eminent foreigner, an Arctic hero, an actor who makes a hit, or any person to whom the newspapers pay much attention for any reason whatsoever—these are the ones the interviewers go for. They offer, free of charge, as many portraits, and portraits in as many positions, as the person says he or she would like to have, under one condition, which is that no other photographer shall be visited.

These interviewers got good wages, and their employers profit targely from their work. The portraits are sold to dealers all over the country and in the capitals of Europe. They are also sold to the publishers of filustrated periodicals, or are presented to the publishers with the request that the photographer's name to published in case the portrait is used. The market has been extended by those New York newspaper correspondents who now make a practice of sending out stereotyped picture plates as illustrations of the subjects treated in their letters. One dealer in this city has recently issued a catalogue of the celebrities whose photographs he has on hand. It is a book of sixty pages, and there are between thirty and fifty names on each rage. Another dealer makes it his business to secure the newest piotographs, and to keep on hand piates made by the photo-engraving process from these portraits. business is to secure ahead of all competnot alarmingly large

A SHEEPSHEAD BAY DOG.

An Animal that in Some Respects Excele There is in Sheepshead Bay a sad-eyed, black-

muzzled brindle pup which is known thereabouts as "The Dude." He is the property of Mr. W. A. Edwards, the celebrated alligator expert. He (the dog) has a broad chest, parenthetical forelegs, and a small stub which is popularly supposed to be a tail. "The Dude" veils beneath a haughty and indifferent exterior a deep vein of humor. He has at various times in his career thrown the Edwards household, the whole of Sheeps head Bay, and a large portion of Coney Island into a state of excitement by his auties; but he never pertrated quite so complete and thorough a practical joke as on Thursday night. About 4 o'clock in the after petrated quite so complete and thorough a practical joke as on Thursday night. About 4 o'clock in the after noon "The Dude" went with his master to take a swim in the bay. When the master returned he suddenly discovered that. The Dude "was not with him. A search master, but no trace of the brande pup coud to covered the trace of the brande pup coud to covered the trace of the brande pup coud to covered the trace of the brande pup coud to covered the trace of the brande pup coud to covered the trace of the brande pup coud to covered the trace of the covered the covere

The Way to Get on the Schoolship. "I want to ship on the schoolship St. Mary.

If your parents or guardians are willing, you should write to or call on the Chairman of the Executive Com-mittee on Nantical School of the Board of Education, 148 Grand street, New York. Boys who are residents of

IN DANGER FROM LEPRE

DR. O'DONNELL SAYS HE FOUND IN NEW YORK AND CHICAGO,

Lepers Concealed in Chinese Laundries, all the Disease Liable to be Contracted h Wearing Clothes Washed by Chinamon. St. Louis, Aug. 12.-Dr. C. C. O'Donnell o San Francisco, who has attracted so much put lie notice in his tour through the East wit Chinese lepers, arrived at the Planters' Hous this morning. He was seen soon afterward b a reporter. The Doctor was very ardent is

his mission. He said:
"I left San Francisco on July 20 and hav visited the principal Eastern cities and lec tured, although hounded on all sides by th police and delayed by the ratiroad companie in the transportation of the two terrible spec mens I brought with me. My object was t land them in Washington, and they are ther now, objects of charity for the District c

Columbia."
"Did you exhibit them in any city?"
"I did not have the opportunity. When i became known that I had two lepers with m the strictest quarantine was observed. The railroad companies were adverse to allowing me transportation. I was forced to hire a stock car, in which I placed a horse and the two lepers as hostlers; otherwise I should never have succeeded in bringing them East.' "How did you obtain these specimens?" "It is not difficult to find lopers in San Francisco, where there are one thousand at this time. We have a lazaretto where

there are thirty-two of them, but the rest are spirted away the moment their friends detect the disease, and remain in the see the light, and are engaged in making cigars, clothing, and wares. Enter these dens and you will have no trouble in finding lepers. With my cane in one hand and a roll of paper in the other I entered one of these catacombs, where they supposed I was an officer, and procured the worst cases I could find. The first was Ah Wing, who had been a domestic in a private family, and the second Wo Lin, who made overails."

"How is the disease contracted, Doctor, and in what manner does it make its appearance?"

"It is the most infectious scourge in the world. A mere contact will be sufficient, and once contracted it is absolutely incurable. A lingering torture to death is the certain result. Herein is the danger of Chinese laundries. Wherever Chinese congregate there you will find leprosy. I found it in New York and is Chicago, and I could find it here in St. Louis. They are concealed in the laundries and their terrible hands wash the clothes that are sent in. They work at night to escape discovery. The disease is just as liable to be contracted from wearing clothes washed by a leperas in touching him. In California the number of respectable people who become victims to it is a matter of horror, and it is getting abroad in the land. Judge Bates of the Supreme benet died of it. Soveral prominent storneys and merchants are now slowly dying, having contracted it they will not say where. Many ladies are similarly affected, but while they will not confess the cause it comes from smoking opium. In San Francisco there are many Chinese who have free access to house, They introduce their insidious pines, which once having touched the lips of a leper, spread the disease to each succeeding smoker. There is a young lady, daugiter of wealthy parents, who was caught in this way, and now while the upper part of her body is shapely, her limbs are swollen to twice their original size, and her face is covered with sores. I have 249 photographs which I have taken from life of lepera and these I eachly it have an an in just and her face is a vour expense, so that you perceive I cigars, clothing, and wares. Enter these dens and you will have no trouble in finding lepers.

LOOKING FOR A GHOST.

Jack McMasters Hones a Muffled Brum and Janitor Murphy a Duil Thud. The Williamsburgh Athletic Club house, in

De Kalb and Classon avenues, Brooklyn, had the reputation of being haunted before the club took possession, but nothing was heard or seen to sustain this reputation until 10 o'clock on Sunday morning. Jack McMasters, the club trainer, had but just gone to bed, in his room on the second floor, when he heard the sound of a muffled drum, at first in the story above him, and subsequently in the very room in which he was. McMasters, instead of hiding his head under the bed clothes and stopping up his ears with the sheet, leaped from his coucl and proceeded to search the house for the cause of the funereal drum beat. He visited each room in succession in both the second and third stories, but the gaslight revealed no more than had the previous darkness

He concluded that somebody was playing a trick on him, and loaded his revolver with blank cartridges in order to scare his tor-

blank cartridges in order to scare his tormentor. When the muffled drum again sounded, as it soon did, however, the report of the pistol which followed did not bring to view any mischiovous athlete, nor did a second search reveal any cause for the noise. Before Mr. McMasters got asleen the noise was heard for the third time.

When he told his experience the next day, he met only with incredulity. He was told that either he had taken too much Scotch whiskey or that medicaments which he had recently taken for a sore ear had affected the aural nerves. No strange noises were heard on Monday night but, about 2 o'clock on Monday merning. Janitor Murphy heard a dull thad on the floot above him. He in his turn searched the building, but he found nothing which could have caused the noise, The noise ceased when he returned to his room. Then it began again, and for full fifteen minutes the sound of what seemed a drill of military ghosts was kept up. Mr. Murphy says he didn't sieep until daylight. No murder is known ever to have been committed in the building, and there is no tragical story connected with it. The original owner and builder was an Englishman, who abondoned the house when De Kaib avenue was cut through the fine lawn in front of it. He was not a military man.

THE POLISH BOY.

Joseph Comoski's Efforts to Avenge the Boath

of his Mother. From the Mt. Carmet News.

From the Mt. Carmet News.

Fourteen years ago Joseph Comoski, Sr., died in Poland, leaving a snug estate, and Joseph Comoski, Jr., his sister, and the two colleges of the State of the Sta ployment in the mines of Pennsylvania. Here he considered himself secure,
Joseph Comoski, Jr., though but a boy of 14 years, swore solemny to avenge his mother's death, even should the murderer seek the most distant snot on earth. In nursuance of his resolve, he hade a tender action to his betrayed sister, and sailed for America. Fortune favored the brave youth, and after a time he discovered his mother's murderer in Pottaville, the at once made known his discovery to the Polish Consul at New York, and acquainted him with all the facts in the case. The sympathy of the official was enlisted in the boy's ischalf, and he promised his assistance. The boy kept a watch over the murderer's doings, tracing him from town to town. Finally the furnitive was apprehended while engaged in the comunissien of a robbery, and sent to the Philadelphia penitentiary for a term of three years. The Consul, in the meantime, had written to Coland and loarned of the extradition papers, and the boy came to Mt. Carmel, where so many of his countrymen reside, to work while the three years were passing. He found employment at the Pennsylvania Colliery as an ash winceler. By his industrious habits he graned the good will of his bosses, and was finally premoted to foreman, a position which he now satisfactorily fills.

The young man is satisfactorily fills.

The young man is satisfactorily fills.

The young man has succeeded in keeping his secret from his countrymen, and this account will probably be to them scarling. He has collected a snug little sum by his economical habits, and, with fire in his eyes, one day this week remarked to our informant that upon the completion of the murderer's term of imprisonment the extradition papers would meet him in the face, and to will an should swing from the Poiss gailows if it took every cent he